The News-Herald.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 25, 1884

HILLSBORO, 1 1 1 OHIO

THE CASHIER'S DREAM.

At midnight, in his little bed
The cashier dreamt about the time
He'd clean the bank of every cent
And seek some other clime;
He saw the vaults all clean and bare,
He heard the sick Directors swear
And people howling on the stair
For wealth they'd never see.

He saw the experts try to fix
The sum med taken out;
He saw the tr umphs of his tricks
And gave a happy shout.
The wealth was all in his valise—
The dust, the chink, the soap, the grease
And therefore he could smile in peace
And take his onward way.

But hold—a change! He saw a man With looks of black despair Come up and join the angry clan And stamp around and swear: He said he d spend at least a year To hunt and find that thef cashier, And then he'd smash him on the ear Because his wealth was gone.

He saw this man, like keenest hound, Take up the trail and hunt; He tried in vain to doder around, The man came to the front The man came to the front
He caught the cashier, and he broke
His head in with a wagon spoke—
And then the bank cash er awoke
And said he would reform.
—St. Louis Whep.

A RUINED WONDERLAND

Its Destroyer Being a Most Terrific Volcanic Eruption.

New Zonland's Volcanoes Send Forth Oceans of Molten Lava-The Romantic Hot Lake District Destroyed -Death and Desolation

The recent volcanic eruption was the most terrific ever known in the history of New Zealand. Mount Tarawera and its twin cone Ruawahia, in the Hot Lakes district of the North Island, which have hitherto been classed as extinct volcanoes, burst suddenly into activity. Immense volumes of flame were projected to a great height. Dense clouds of smoke and steam obscured the sky, while vivid flashes of forked lightning played through the pall of smoke in all directions. Several violent shocks of earth-

is known as the wonderland of the Tarawera mountain, the scene of the volcanic eruption, lies north and south, rising from the south end of Tarawera lake, two miles from Roto-mahann. It is about 2,800 feet high, with three table tops separated by two extinct craters, the formation of which is beyond the memory of man. Its surface of bare volcanic rock contained no vegetation. Although there are, or were, two craters on the top of the mountain there has been no eruption within the memory of man, and the Maoris had no tradition whatever re-specting this mountain. Mount Tara-wera is about ten miles from the settle-ment of Te Wairo village, which lies between Ratakakahi lake and Tarawera lake, about two hundred feet above the latter, connected by the Wairo stream. Two years ago Ratakakahi lake, which is about three miles in length, rose to nearly the boiling point. This was considered a most remarkable phonomenon, as the lake was always cold before. There was also a very strong outflow down the Wairo valley into Tarawera lake, lasting for a day. Since then the Ratakakahi had remained at its normal state. The shores of Tarawera lake are rugged, and rocky, and steep; its waters deeply and darkly The lake extends some seven or eight miles lengthwise, and is five or six miles in breadth. The three flat cones of Tarawera mountains loom loftily to the southeast 2,000 feet above gap in the ranges, the towering peak of Mount Edgeumbe is plainly visible. Through that gap in the ranges runs Tarawera's outlet Awa o te Atua (river of the gods), past Edgeumbe and away on to the bay of plenty. At some dis-tance from its source the river forms a magnificent waterfall.

Rotonabana was one of the smallest lakes of the lake district. It is now a volcano. Its form is very irregular on the south side, where th shore is formed by swamp; three small creeks are meandering and discharging themselves into the lake. In man places of those swamps warm water streams forth, but mud pools are also visible here and there, and from the projecting points muddy shallows covered with swamp grass extend almost its north end the lake grows narrower The quantity of boiling water issuing from the ground, both on the shores and the bottom of the lake, is truly astonishing. There are three principle springs to which the lake owes its fame. First of all is the Te Tarata at the northeast end of the lake, with its terraced marble steps projecting into the lake, the most marvelous of the Rotomahana marvels. About eighty feet above the lake, on the fern-clad slope of a hill from which in various places hot vapor was escaping, there lies the immense boiling caldron in a craterlike excavation with steep, reddish sides thirty or forty feet high, and open only on the lake side, toward the west. The basin of the spring is about eighty feet long and sixty wide, and filled to the brim with perfectly clear, transparent water, which, with the snow-white encrusted basin, appears of a beautiful blue, like the blue turquois

The flat-spreading foot of the terthe terraces commence with low shelves, containing shallow water basins. These small water basins represent as many nutural bathing basins. Some of the basins are so large and deep that one can swim about in them. During lent water erupt ons from the main basin steaming cascades may occur. At ordinary times but very little water ripples over the terraces, and only the and instantly principle discharge on the south side the ground. reaching the highest terrace there is an extensive platform, with a number of basins, five or six feet deep, their water showing a temperature of 90 to 110 degrees Fahrenheit. In the middle of the platform arises, close to the brink of the basin, a kind of a rock faland, about twelve feet high, decked with manuka, mosses, lycopodium and fern. It may be visited without danger, and from it the curious traveler has a fair and full view into the blue boiling and steaming caldron. Such was the famous Te Tarsts. It is now feared that heavily all these beautiful wonders have been distroyed. The terraces are theried in lava, and the villages of the Maoris have been swept away.

As regards Auckland the first intima-

tion received or Strible catastrophe was the sound of loud explosions as of heavy guns, and from elevated positions in the city the flash as of artillery was distinctly visible. The impression on the minds of those who witnessed these phenomena was that a vessel was ashore at the Manukau heads and was firing signals of distress, and as there appeared to be more than one fired at a time it was thought to be a Russian man-of-war which was known to be on the coast.

News was flashed from Rotoma that a dreadful night had been passed. Every man, woman and child thought his end had come. The sensation was fearful and indescribable. It commenced about one o'clock in the morn ing by several severe shocks of earthquake. The vibrations were strong and frequent. The windows in the houses rattled violently, the feeling being similar to that on board of a vessel in a storm. People were running about frantically, when all at once a great heard, which was accepted at roar was first as that of an earthquake, and a great glare appeared upon the horizon. The scene was grand, but awful toward Rotomahana. The flames were distinct, with huge volumes of smoke, with sparks of electricity illuminating the whole sky, and it appeared as if hun-dreds of bright stars were chasing one another. When this was at first seen by those who were outside they rushed about calling people up. Males and females of all ages left their homes and a general rush was made for Ngatata mountain for safety. Many left their homes in their night-dresses with shawls around them, mothers carrying babies or young children with but one arm, to flee from the devouring element which was expected at every moment to engulf the entire community, so great was the terror of the people. This was about two o'clock a: m. On the approach of daylight the vibrations lessened, but they by no means ceased. About four o'clock there

was a shower of ashes similar to sand,

Mr. McRae, the hotel keeper at

upposed to be lava.

Wairoa, gave your correspondent the following account of the destruction of his hotel: "About 12:30 p. m. the place began to shake and shook continuously for an hour before the eruption broke out. When this was first seen, it was just like a small cloud on the mountain, with flashes of lightning of great brilliancy. All were got out of bed and went up to the old mission station to ascertain the cause of the occurrence. quake added terror to the scene. More than one hundred natives perished.

The district affected by the disaster mountain had three craters, and the flames were shooting up fully a thou-sand feet high. There appeared to be a continuous shower of balls of fire for miles around. As a storm appeared to be coming on, we returned to the hotel, and shortly afterward what seemed to be heavy hailstones came pouring on the roof, which continued about every quarter of an hour. This was sucballs and mud, the lava falling after the manner of rain. The weight of these substances upon the roof soon began to tell upon it. The first portion that gave way was the detached kitchen and pantry, and then we all collected in the smoking-room. The roof of the hotel gave way at about half-past four a. m. with a loud smash, and the whole of the upper story collapsed, the debris falling into the rooms below. We left the smoking-room and went into the drawing-room, which, as it was the newest part of the house, we thought would stand the longest; but it was with the greatest difficulty that we got there, going through fallen atones and mud which impeded us. The back part of the house, in which was the dining-room, gave way next, and all of a sudden we heard a fearful crash and roar as if thousands of tons of stuff were falling, and we heard the balcony come down. At this we agreed that we should make an effort to save ourselves, and with this object we determined to leave the hotel. At 6:30 I Captain of marines of the eighteenth went up to the residence of the Hazard dynasty, is addressed, Champollian flames. I then could see no signs of en-ten ret neb, loquor vobis hominbus Mr. and Mrs. Hazard and their children. As soon as a glimpse of daylight (A. 84) says: "I speak to you who came we commenced to dig for the shall come a million of years after my bodies of the Hazards, and to our great death." These are the inscriptions of astonishment discovered Mrs. Hazard Her two children were found

> til we were quite exhausted, but found no more bodies." Between one and two o'clock in the morning the inhabitants of Tauranga were startled by repeated and vivid flashes of lightning, shooting at intervals of a few minutes from a dense mass of black cloud, extending along the southern sky. The electrical dis-play continued through the night, and about four o'clock in the morning a series of severe earthquake shocks were distinctly felt. The flashes of electricity continued to increase in brilliane as the morning wore on, and from the same direction came continued rumblings, which appeared to extend along the line from Rotorua to White Island. Toward seven o'clock a leaden-colored cloud slowly advanced from the direc-tion of the hill behind Mr. Jonathan Brown's property until reaching Mata-pihi. It appeared to hang for a short time, after which it again advanced and burst upon the town and district in a heavy shower of fine sulphuric dust. enveloping the entire neighborhood in total darkness. About 8:30 this partly cleared away, but only for a few minutes, after which it returned with in-creased density, and ere long had again wrapped the town and suburbs in complete darkness. The dust, which emit-ted a sulphuric smell, soon formed a coating upward of half an inch in thick-

dead beside her, but she was not greatly

injured. We continued operations un-

ness over the ground.

Mr. H. R. Burt, native agent, who has just come into town, says he camped at Okaro lake, five miles from Rotomahana. He went to bed about two 'clock, and was awakened by a rumb ing noise like that of an earthquake. He went outside the door, but could see nothing, although it was a clear night. The noise proceded from Tara-wers. He looked round again and saw a huge mass of flame rise in the heavens. and instantly lava and smoke covered the ground. Soon after a volume of flame issued from Runanga, close to

Tarawera. The scene on the mountain-top was awful. Large balls of fire were thrown from the gaping mouth toward Taupo, this accompanied by terrible reports which shook the whole place. Forked

Dense volumes of smoke issued from the crater, going in various directions.
As soon as Ruawhina stopped sending forth its terrible balls of flame a ing forth its terrible balls of flame a huge white cloud issued from the cap of Rotomanana, and heavy booming was heard, followed by volumes of white compressed steam from Lake Rotomahana. It rose with terrible velocity and seemed to be going toward Okaro lake. This lake is about five miles from Lake Rotomahana, and the appearance it presented at times was something like a huge boiling caldron, bubbling in all directions. Lightning then commenced to shoot from Mount Kakaramea. On the side toward Okaro lake it commenced to turn to the side ake it commenced to turn to the side of the mount. It seemed to be like sheet of flame. From the whole mount there came myriads of shooting stars

there came myriads of shooting stars like large rockets.

Shortly afterwards shocks of earthquakes were felt, accompanied by a noise resembling minute guns, but louder than the heaviest gun known. There was an open cratez on Mount Kakaranga, and immediately a huge volume of dense black smoke issued from it and the country all round here. from it, and the country all round began to get dark. In half an hour it was so black that no one could see his hands in front of him. While this was going on a shower of pieces of lava the size of peas came down with terrible swiftness and with such force as to be almost as dangerous as bullets.

The natives at this time had gathered

at Tiharepuni, where they assembled in one place. They are all Hauhaus about this place. They presented a dismal spectacle. They had three Maori prophets in the center, and the natives were in a state of panic, some crying, others praying, while some were rushing about in all directions. The Maori prophets were worse than the others, and set up a howling, dismal noise. Mr. Burt spoke to them to try and get them to be called and get the state of the st mal noise. Mr. Burt spoke to them to try and get them to be calm, and ad-vised them to go up Horomanga gorge, where he was going himself. He tried them, but could not induce one of them to move. He immediately started for the place himself, and had got about a mile along the road when the dust and smoke became so suffocating dust and smoke became so suffocating that he dropped down between some manuka bushes and could scarcely breathe. He kept his mouth close to the ground, and stones fell with great force upon him The pieces of lava seemed to be increasing in size, and as he was becoming surrounded he rose up and thus kept himself from being smothered. At seven o'clock in the morning there was no sign of daylight, and at 9:20 a small streak of light appeared over Taupo. After much ex-ertion he got up and made his way to where he had parted from the natives, and found them still in the same place.

At this time it is impossible to esti mate the number of the killed. Exploring parties are at work, and their reports are eagerly awaited. The natives declare that several hundred of their countrymen have perished. This much is certain, Mount Tarawera is a wreck. The terraces are destroyed, and all the natives who were living in the vicinity of the calamity were overwhelmed by the streams of lava which belched forth from the mouths of the craters.—Auck-land Cor. N. Y. Herald.

WORLD LITERATURE. Its Foundations Laid by Ancient Egyptians Let us look first of all at the Egyptians, who seem to me to possess the consciousness of the most distant, and almost immeasurable past. They did not adorn their temples with inscriptions for their own pleasure only. They had a clear idea of the past and of the future of the world in which they lived; and so as they cherished the recollections of the past, they wished themselves to be remembered by unknown generations in times to come. The biographical inscriptions of Aahmes, a says, "to the whole human race." (t'etomnibus.) A monument in the Louvre private persons. Kings, naturally, are still more anxious that posterity and the world at large should be informed of their deeds. Thus Sishak I., the of their deeds. Thus Sishak I., the conqueror of Judah, prays in one of his inscriptions at Silsillis: "My gracious Lord, Amon, grant that my words may live for hundreds of thou-

sands of years."

The great Harris Papyrus, which re cords the donation of Rameses III. to the temples of Egypt, together, with some important political events, was written to exhibit to "the gods, to men now living and to unborn generation [hamemet,] the many good works and valorous deeds which he did upon earth, as great King of Egypt.'' Whatever as great King of Egypt." Whatever other motives, high or low, may have influenced the authors of these hierogly phic inscriptions, one of them was cer tainly their love or fear of humanity their dim conviction that they belonged to a race which would go on forever filling the earth, and to which they were bound by some kind of moral respon-sibility. They wrote for the world, and it is in that sense that I call their writings the first germs of a world literature. And as in Egypt, so it was in Babylon, Ninevch and Persia. When the dwellers on the Euphrates and Tigris had learned that nothing seemed endure, that fire and water would des troy wood and stone, even silver and gold, they took clay and baked it, and hid the cylinders, covered with cunei-form writing, in the foundations of their temples, so that even after the destruction of these temples and palaces ture generations might read the story of the past. And there in their safe hiding places these cylinders have been found again after three thousand years unharmed by water, unscathed by fire, and fulfilling the very purpose for which they were intended, carrying to us the living message which the ancient rulers of Chaldaea wished that we, their dis-tant decendants, should receive. Often these inscriptions end with imprecainjure or efface them. At Khorsabad at the very interior of the construction, was found a large stone chest, which inclosed several inscribed plates in various materials—one tablet of gold. one of silver, others of copper, lead and tin; a sixth text was engraved on alabaster, and the seventh document was written on the chest itself. They all commemorate the foundation of a city by a famous King, commonly called Sargon, and they end with an impreca-

"Whoever alters the work of m hand, destroys my constructions, pulls down the walls which I have raised —may Asshur, Kinib Raman and the great gods who dwell there, plack his name and seed from the land, and les him sit bound at the feet of his foe."—

Max Muller, in Contemporary Review.

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE END OF THE RAINBOW. Gertie and Jack's Search for a Pot of

Gertie, aged ten, and Jack, aged six, stood looking out of the great wideopen doors in grandpa's barn, whither they had fled for shelter from the shower which had come up suddenly and interrupted their play.

The sun was shining brightly, and through the fast-falling rain-drops they saw a beautiful bow spanning the southeastern sky. It was so sharply defined that one could almost see the exact spot in the meadow where the arch started, while the other end seemed to rest at the foot of a great Norway pine, which stood like a solitary sent-inel high up the hill in Grandya Marsh's

pasture.

The shower was soon over, and the beautiful vision vanished. "Gertie," said Jack, excitedly, "did you see where the rainbow stopped?"

"Let's go and dig for the pot of

Gertie hesitated. The grass and bushes were dripping from the shower. She feared that if she asked permission She leared that it she asked permission of grandma to go to the pasture it would not be granted. But the pot of gold was a great temptation. If Gertie had a weakness it was for chocolate creams and caramels, and if she and Jack found the buried treasure her share of the money would supply her with these luxuries the rest of her nat-ural life. Besides, if she didn't ask grandma, and so wasn't expressly for-bidden, where was the wrong? The little girl who hesitates is lost.

In spite of sundry twinges of con-science, Gertle at last fell in with her brother's plan.

"I'll get a spade from grandpa's Alas! after the first wrong step is taken, the others come easier. Both Jack and Gertie knew that grandpa never allowed them to use one of tools without express permission. But the prospect of finding a pot of gold overcame their scruples. Jack opened the door of the workshop and possessed himself of a spade. Grandma and the hired girl were in the kitchen prepar-ing supper, and so did not notice what the children were about. Rover, the great Newfoundland dog, which had been lying on the rug on the piazza, saw them start, and came bounding

along to accompany them.
"Go back, Wover!" said Jack, and
the faithful fellow retreated, much abashed.

Jack and Gertie started across the fields to the pasture. They crept through the bars and climbed up the steep hill to the tall pine, at whose foot the treasure was concealed. The chil-dren dug away until blisters began to appear on their hands from the unaccustomed toil. But no pot of gleam-ing gold rewarded their labors. "Let's go and pick some wasberries,"

said Jack, "and then we'll come back and dig again."

Gertle willingly consented. They were not far from a "cut-down," where raspberries grew in great abundance. The children picked and ate berries for some time, wandering further and further into the "cutdown." At last they came to a tree which had been blown over in some storm, and whose trunk was overhung by a great mass of bushes. Jack was just reaching up his hand to pull down a bush heavily laden with berries, when e saw something that almost made

his heart stop its beating. Near the roots of the fallen tree stood a large black animal, and around it were playing two or three smaller ones, about the size of young puppies. It was a mother bear and her little of the presence of strangers, but rolled and tumbled over one another in their frolic, while the mother bear looked a Jack and Gertie with more of surprise

than of anger in her eyes.
At length the bear gave a low growl The children turned and ran screaming away. Fear lent wings to their flight They dashed through clumps of bushes they desired through clumps of bushes, they scrambled over logs and bowlders, they tripped over roots and running vines, they minded not torn clothes or scratched hands, they were heedless of their course, only that it took them away from the dreadful monster.

They ran until they were breathless and exhausted, and they seek posting

and exhausted, and then sank panting to the ground. The bear was nowhere

"I thought she would surely tear us in pieces, ssid Gertie.
I dess God sent an angel to stop her mouf, same as He did when Daniel

was cast into the lions' den, 'said Jack.
The children stood up and looked around. They had fied from the "cutdown" and were now in the forest Tall trees were all around them, their interlacing branches almost hiding the sky. They started in what they supposed was the direction of their grandpa's house, and walked for some time, but no opening gladdened their eyes. Then they took another course, but with no better results. Finally, they with no better results. Finally, they came to the conclusion that they were

It was growing dark in the woods.

The thick growth shut out the light. It was late in the afternoon when they left home, and they must now have been away three hours. The sun had set, and twilight was falling upon the land. Of course, in the woods the light faded away sooner than in the elearings. Jack began to cry. Gertic Gertie necessity of keeping up her brother's

"Let's play camping out," she said.
"Here is a nice place for a tent at the foot of this tree."

foot of this tree."

"I want to go home, and I want my supper," sobbed Jack. "I'm tired all over, and I'm hungry!"

"We shall have to stay here until grandpa comes after us," said Gertie. "God can take care of us here just as well as He could if we were at home. He saved us from the hear, this after. He saved us from the bear, this after-noon. Let us ask Him to forgive us for being naughty, and to keep us safe-

ly till grandpa comes."

The two children knelt down, and The two children knelt down, and prayed for Divine protection. A sense of a Presence filling the place came to them. Their fears vanished, and they felt secure. Gertie and down on the ground, with her back against a tree. Jack sat down beside her, and rested his tear-stained face in her lap. It was dark now. They could see the stars through the openings in the tree tops. They looked for a little while, and then, wearied with the excitement and fatigue of the past few hours, fell fast saleep.

How long they slept they knew not.

animal snuffing about their faces. Jack throw out his hands, and they came in contact with the animal's coarse, thick hair. He saw two eyes gleaming like balls of fire in the darkness. Both children were paralyzed with terror. They supposed that the bear had found them. Suddenly their nocturnal visitor began to bark furiously. There came a great revulsion of feeling.

"It's Wover! it's Wover!" exclaimed. Jack.

Soon they heard a distant shout, and in a few minutes they could see a light dodging in and out among the trees. It came nearer, and they could see that it was a lantern, and that it was borne by Reuel, grandpa's hired man. A dinner horn was tied to his waist. "Bless my stars!" said Reuel, "here

are the folks we're aften' Reuel put the horn to his mouth and gave three loud blasts. A moment later, there came answers from all around them. Reuel repeated the sig-nal, and soon forms with lanterns were seen coming from all directions. One of the first to arrive was grandpa, who, in spite of the remonstrances of the others, insisted upon taking Jack on his shoulder and starting for the house. gold."

It was a belief that had been instilled into their minds by their German nurse, that at the foot of every rainbow there was buried a brimming pot of gold.

Gertie hesitated. The grass and bushes were dripping from the shower. She feared that if she asked permission.

It was long after midnight when It was long after midnight when Jack and Gertie were put into their beds, but, despite the lateness of the hour, grandpa and grandma did not retire until they had read, with very moist eyes, the first nine verses of the fifteenth chapter of Luke.—Edgar L. Warren, in Congregationalist.

ABOUT A LITTLE PRINCESS. The Lesson by Which She Was Broken o

Her One Great Fault. Once upon a time there lived a Priness. She was a very pretty little girl, with eyes as blue as the violets that grow by the meadow-brook, and cheeks as pink as wild roses, and hair as golden as sunshine. And all the people loved this little Princess because she was so kind and lovable. But she had one great fault, and that was-procras-ti-na-tion.

Sometimes this little yellow-haired Princess would be playing with her dolls or reading a story-book, when her mamma would say: "Ida, dear, run up-stairs and fetch me a spool of silk from my table."

And Ida would answer, with a sweet "In a minute, mamma." One minute would go by, and another, and a great many more.
"Will you get my silk, Ida?"

"Oh ves, mamma, as soon as I finish "Now, Ida."

"In just a minute, mamma." But the chapter was sure to be finished, with perhaps another one, before the silk would be fetched.

It was not only once, but all the

"What can I do?" sighed the Queen, to her trusty counselor. "I must break her of this dreadful habit some way, or when she comes to rule a kingdom of her own all will go to wrack and ruin. What can I do? Teach her a lesson, your Majesty,"

said the trusty counselor, gruffly. Teach her a lesson—a good lesson." And one day the Queen remembered her trusty counselor's words. The little Princess came bounding in, to be dressed for a drive, with her blue eyes shining, and her yellow hair tossing about her face, and her cheeks pinker than usual, which is saying a good

"We're going up to the Mountain Castle for lunch, mamma," cried she, "and home around by the lake! And Lillian says her uncle can't wait but a minute, and won't you hurry, mamma, and get me dressed?"

Mamma, the Queen, was reading a book, and she hardly raised her eyes from it, but answered, with a smile:

"In a minute, dear." So the little Princess fidgeted restlessly from one foot to another for what seemed to her a long, long time. "Won't you, mamma?"

"Oh yes, dear; as soon as I finish what I am reading." Wasn't it awful? The blue eyes of the little Princess began to look like the little Princess trembled.

"But they can only wait five minutes, mamma," she pleaded. "Oh, do hur-"Right away," answered mamma

almly. But just then the little Princess heard carriage-wheels rolling down the avenue, and she burst into a cry of

grief and dismay.

"O mamma, they've gone without me! I told them to if I didn't come in five minutes. And they had chocolate cake and jelly tarts for lunch! Oh dear me!" And then a flood of tears

Mamma, the Queen, couldn't help smiling a little, though she felt very sorry, too. But she hoped this would be the lesson; and she took her little daughter on her knee, and talked to her about that old thief, procrastination, which is, you know, a name for put ting-off-till-by-and-by what should be done frow.

"You will try and do better, won't you, dear?" said mamma, the Queen, very tenderly; and the little Princess, when her sobs were stilled. answered

that she would try.
"But it's very hard to do things right off," said she; "unless it's things you want to do, mamma."
"Right there selfishness comes in, said mamma, "and selfishness will unlock the door and let in a host of other bad, bad faults."

And then mamma, who could not bear to purish her little girl too much, bear to purish her little girl too much, ordered her own carriage, and away they sped after their friends.

Frincess Ids is trying yet to do better; she has set a guard over those red lips of hers with strict orders not to let the troublesome words: "In a minute," slip by. And though she isn't perfect yet, we think she is almost as near that as it is possible for any little girl to be.

Youth's Companion.

—An entirely new vegetable is being introduced by a great French firm (the well-known house of Vilmerin, Andrieux & Co., of Paris), which is exciting some interest. It is called chorogi and is a native of Northern Africa. gi and is a native of Northern Arrest it belongs to the mint family (botanical name Stachys affinis). Its flesh roots or tubers only are eaten, dresse like string beans or fried like fritter and are said also to make an excelle pickle. Whether it will become a usual vegetable and a desirable regular to this country can or

FOR SUNDAY READING.

FRIEND.

(John 15: 15. Revised Version.) No longer I call you servants.
Yours is a dearer place,
Nearer and sweeter and higher,
In the light of My Father a face.
No longer I call you servants:
Heuceforth, till the world shall end,
To every one who obeys Me
Be the right to call Me Friend—

With a friend's dear right to follow Wherever My footsteps lead, And a friend's full right to counsel, Whatever the care and need. For oft in the summer twilight, And oft in the carly day, My friend small come to my presence, And I will not answer may

To the prayer his lips shall offer—
His least half-uttered sigh
Shall wing, through the songs of Heav
To the ear of the Lord most high.
And oh! My called, My chosen,
Be not afraid to claim
Large gifts and gracious guerdons
When ye plead your Saviour's nume.

For you never need fear to ask Me Aught that your heart may crave; Think of Me, dear disciple, As the Friend who came to save. From anxious thought of the morro And strife with sorrow cease; Remember the word I left you, The gift of My perfect peace.

It is not an empty title
That I bid you freely claim,
Now that I write upon you
The pure and hidden name.
No longer I call you servants,
Henceforth, till time shall end,
To each who in love obeys Me
I have given the name of fr end,
—Margoret E. Sangster, in S. S. Times.

A SIMPLE TEST. If Any Man Do His Will, He Shall Kno

It is a matter of prime importance and no small comfort to know that our Lord Himself has put the question of the revelation of God easily within the reach of every sincere inquirer that he may know for himself whether it be true or not. While the scientists are proposing prayer tests, and the philos-ophers are discussing the abstract rea-sonableness of Christianity, and the nalf-learned multitude are arguing pro and con the question of miraçle and inspiration, our Lord is saying to us inspiration, our Lord is saying to us and to all men: "If any one is sincerely desirous of knowing the truth for himself, he may know it without any appeal to scientific experiment, philosophical inquiry or rationalistic disputation. If any one is willing to do God's will as set forth by Me, he shall know in himself in the doing of that will that the doctrine is of God."

There is a great wealth of comfort in

this Divine declaration. First, it puts this personal assurance within the reach of every man, so that none who is sincerely desirous of knowing the truth need be without that knowledge. Second, it puts the knowledge of the truth in such a way that every man knows for himself, and so is not dependent upon the arguments or testimony of others. It even makes him in a sense independent of the abstract questions of inspiration as applied to the Scriptures, or to the his-torical questions that enter so largely into the current discussions relative to the Divine origin of Christianity. This inward knowledge of the truth of the doctrine of Christ is a personal possession which one may carry about with him always, and is so intimately asso-ciated with a personal fellowship with God and with Christ, that it must inevitably tend to exalt and ennoble the life of the man who thus knows, by doing the will of God. It is akin to that knowledge which is the result of true faith, which is the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen. When unseen things are made substantial realities, which they are to the true believer, he has in himself the best of evidence as to their truth. What greater blessing can s man have than a personal knowledge of the reality of the unseen things of God? And yet this is that which our Lord guarantees to the simple minded and honest inquirers after truth. The His Spirit shown to us to be as real and substantial as the things which we see and hear with our eyes and ears.

The question may arise in the minds of many: "Wby, then, are any per-sons in doubt?" The answer is simple. Those who are in doubt are either ple. Those who are in doubt are either indifferent to the knowledge professed to be desired or are unwilling to obtain the knowledge of God and Christ at the cost of doing His will. We are aware that many will denythis, but the evidence of the truth of the assertion is in the fact that those persons who most earnestly and sincerely strive to do the will of God, as that will is set forth by Jesus Christ, are they who have the greatest assurance of the have the greatest assurance of the truth of the doctrine of Christ and the greatest personal comfort in their com-munion with God; while, on the other hand, those persons who are seeking to know the will of God and get their alleged doubts solved in some way other than by bringing their wills into subjection to the will of God are de-

subjection to the will of God are de-void of all personal knowledge and comfortable experience.

There is great reason why this sim-ple test should be made by Christ. The end of conversion is to bring the alien-ated will of man back to God. Therefore God has hinged the knowledge of Himself and the blessings of His great salvation on the surrender of the will. Everywhere this great truth is taught. "Ye will not come unto Me that ye might have life." "Whosever will, let him take of the water of life freely." "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" was the first word uttered by the great apostle when he found himself in conflict with Christ. We himself in faith, he must nave later that the conflict with Christ. We himself in conflict with Christ. We have a conflict with Christ. We himself in conflict with Christ. We himself in conflict with Christ. We have a conflict with Christ. We himself in conflict with Christ. We have a conflict with Christ Christ, and who are seriously desirous of knowing the truth beyond all question. to lay saide all other lines of evidence and means of knowledge, at least for the time being, and begin honestly and sincerely to do the will of God. It does not matter much where God. It does not matter much where one begins. Take the New Testament and read on until you come to the very first precept given by Christ, and begin honestly to put that precept into practice. If you can't love your enemies, you can at least pray for them that despitefully use you and say all manner of eval things against you falsely; or, to go at the matter with a little more system, if that method suits you better, begin by systematically "seeking to do the will of God [as did the Lord] rather than your own will." one begins. Take the New Testament and read on until you come to the very first precept given by Christ, and begin honestly to put that precept into practice. If you can't love your enemies, you can at least pray for them that despitefully use you and say all manner of evil things against you falsely; or, to go at the matter with a little more system, if that method suits you better, begin by systematically "seeking to do the will of God [as did the Lord] rather than your own will." (John, v. 30). We little know how thoroughly we are entrenched in our own will and way until we begin habitually to seek the will of God, and do it because it is His will. The apostic prayed for the Colossians (i, 9.) that they might "be filled with the knowledge of the will of Christ, in all spiritual understanding; that they might walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing, being fruitful in every good work, and increasing in the knowledge of Gol."

To those so seeking to know and striv-ing to do the will of God, he declares that they shall be "strengthened with all might according to His glorious power, unto all patience and long-suffering with joyfulnesa." This is to have the spiritual knowledge of God in-

have the spiritual knowledge of God inone's soul.

The will of God contained in the
Scriptures is revealed to the prayerful
heart who approaches the Word as did
the Psalmist with his simple 'Open
thou mine eyes, that I may behold
wondrous things out of Thy law." To
do the will of God one must also love
it, as did Christ the Lord, who declared
that it was more to Him than meat.
But we need not pursue this matter
futher. It is a simple matter, and until one has exhausted this test of sincerity, and to the full sought a solution
of doubts and difficulties as to the
truth in this prescribed way, let him truth in this prescribed way, let him not complain that the truth is beyond finding out, and justify unbelief on the score of insufficient proof of the truth of God, as revealed in His Word. It is only the preverse unbeliever who will refuse Christ's way of putting unbelief to rest.—N. Y. Independent.

A LIFE THAT TOLD.

The Successful Career of a Modern Cru-sader in the War Against Evil.

Thirty years ago the region about the London docks contained as large a heathen population as any district in Africa. Back of the huge warehouses were "innumerable courts and alleys filled with fog and dirt, and every horror of sight, sound and smell. It was a rendezvous for the lowest types of humanity. The wealthy and influential class in this settlement were the rum-sellers and keepers of gamblinghells. Children were born and grew to middle age in these precincts who never had heard the name of Christ, except in an oath. Thirty thousand souls were included in one parish here, but the clergyman never ventured out

A young man named Charles Low-der, belonging to an old English family, happened to pass this district just after leaving Oxford. His classmates were going into politics, or the army, or to the bar, full of ambition and hope to make a name in the world; but Low-der heard, as he said, "a cry of min-gled agony, suffering, laughter and blasphemy coming from these depths that rang in his ears, go where he

world.

He resolved to give up all other work in the world, to help these people. He took a house in one of the lowest slums, and lived in it. "It is only one of themselves that they will

hear; not patronizing visitors."

He preached every day in the streets, and for months was pelted with brick-bats, shot at and driven back with curses. He had, unfortunately, no eloquence with which to teach them; he was a slow, stammering speaker, but he was bold, patient and in earnest. Year after year he lived among them. Even the worst ruffian learned to respect the tall thin curate, whom he saw stopping the worst street-fights, facing mobs or nursing the victims of Asiatic cholera.

Mr. Lowder lived in London Docks for twenty-three years. Night-schools were opened, industrial schools and refuges for drunkards, discharged prisoners and fallen women. A large church was built and several mission chapels. His chief aswomen whom he had rescued from "the paths that abut on hell." A visitor to the church said "the congregation differs from others in that

hey are all in such deadly earnest." Mr. Lowder broke down under his work, and rapidly grew into an old, care-worn man. He died in a village in the Tyrol, whither he had gone for a month's rest. He was brought back to the docks where he had worked so long. Across the bridge where he had things which are unseen to the eye and beyond the hearing of the ear, and, if you please, beyond even the power of bent on his murder, his body was reverently carried, while the police were sobbling people who pressed forward to catch the last glimpse of "Father Lowder," as they called him.

"No such funeral," says a London

paper, "has ever been seen in En-gland. The whole population of East London turned out, stopping work for that day. The special trains to Chisle-hurst were filled, and thousands followed on foot—miserable men and women whom he had lifted up from barbarism to life and hope."

There are many careers open to

young men on entering the world, but there are none nobler or that lead more directly to Heaven than that of this modern crusader.—Youth's Com-

WISE SAYINGS.

-What can a man do more than die for his countrymen? Live for them; it is a longer work, and therefore a more difficult and noble one.—Kingsley.

-There are some folks in this world who spend their whole lives hunting after righteousness and can't find any time to practice it.—Baptist Weekly.

time to practice it.—Baptist Weekly.

—You have, perhaps, a temper that is apt to slip beyond your control; and you are placed in trying circumstances where your temper breaks forth. You think that if you were in other circumstances, you would be sweet and serene. But if the circumstances were changed, you would be much the same. What you have to do is to learn a lesson from you have to do is to learn a lesson from these circumstances.—Standard.

-If one wants the comforts of Chrissoul, is to dismiss all side-questions about religion, and bring the mind in direct and receptive contact with the objects of the faith, as revealed in the Bible, and especially with Christ as the central Sun of the supernatural system. The Christian will find this attitude of mind a great help to the faith. mind a great help to his faith. - N. 7.